LITTLE MARY MAC LANE" IS THE NEWEST BASHKIRTSEFFIAN WONDER

Lives in Montana and She Writes Thoughts of the Most Extraordinary Brand-Some of Them Ought Not to Be Printed and Some of Them Are Very Good, Indeed.



MISS MARY MAC LANE.

publication that 'is just leaving the of Herbert S. Stone & Co. of Chicago. pite of the fact that there are many gly interesting things in the book, it lahed. Mary MacLane is a girl of 19. so far as the reader has knowledge she an absolutely true story of herself. dnesa of the narrative is such as to ce one to believe that the story is, perts, after all, only fiction. Particularly
this true when one finds the girl's statets "that it is a matter of supreme Indifone to believe that the story is, perthis true when one finds the girl's statewhether my father, Jim Macthing to me."

ed by the extracting process. Take, for nple, these introductory paragraphs: ad of 19 years, will now begin to set down as a parallel.

convinced of this, for I am odd.

i am broad-minded.
Lam a genius.
Lam a philosopher of my own good peripatetic

another Marie Bashkirtseff, with the her famous predecessor. This is what

says on the subject: for that strange notable, Marie Hash-ff, yes, I am rather like her in many ats, as I've been told. But in most things

oints, as I've been fold. But in most things I
yo beyond her.
Where she is deep, I am deeper,
Where she is wonderful in her intensity, I
am still more wonderful in my intensity.
Where she had philosophy, I am a philosopher.
Where she had astonishing vanity and concelt, I have yet more astonishing vanity and
ocreelt,
But she, forsooth, could paint good pictures—
and I—what can I do?

percent.

But she, forsooth, could paint good pictures—
and I-what can I do?
She had a beautiful face, and I am a plainfeatured, insignificant little animal.
She was surrounded by admiring, sympathetic
friends, and I am alone—alone, though there

inon some lines I have gotten to the edge of sworld. A step more and I fall off, I do not to the step. I stand on the edge, and I suffer. Sething, oh, nothing on the earth can suffer a woman young and all alone! I stand the proceeding farther with the Portrayer of Mary MacLane. I will write out some her uninteresting history, was born in 1881 at Winnipeg, in Canada, bether Winnipeg will yet live to be proud this fact is a matter for some conjecture. stiar Winnings will yet live to be prosentally this fact is a matter for some conjecture. Hiss MacLane seems to posses the itch r writing. She also walks, and she asserts at scrubbing the kitchen floor has addedrength and gracefulness to her body. He this paragraph on the subject:

write every day. Writing is a necessity—a sating. I do a little housework and, on whole, I am rather fond of it—some parts it. I dislike dusting chairs, but I have no crain to scrubbing floors. Indeed, I have held much of my strength and gracefulness hady from scrubbing the kitchen floor—to my diling of some line rolints of philosophy. It has a certain energy to one's body and to see the contract of the contract of the same in the series of the same in the same i

brain.

brain:

mostly I take walks far away in the
country. Butte and its immediate vicinity
if as ugh an outlook as one could wish

4t is so may indeed that it is hear the
line of ugliness. And anything perfect,
airly ao, is not to be despised. I have
the owne automishing subtleties of conceparity and anything subtleties of concepis I have walked for miles over the sand
harrenness among the little hills and
arrenness among the little hills and
arrenness among the little hills and
to the long, long thoughts and to the
ses wanting. Every day I walk over the
and barrenness.

ing to portray.

MacLane sings the usual songs of and beauty, and orise the usual cries age and decline. In this connection

be that thing which I am—can I be
of a peculiar rare genius, and yet drag
to in obscurity in this uncount, warped,
own?
be impossible! If I thought the world
nothing more than that for ms—oh,
ild I do? Would I make an end of my
tie life now? I fear I would. I am a

writer as Mary MacLane does not believe in marriage. When Miss MacLane is hap-plly wedded to some chap she will probably be heartily sorry that she ever wrote such paragraphs as follow: I shall never make use of the marriage core-mony. I hereby register a vow, Devil, to that effect.

I shall never make use of the marriage effections, I hereby register a vow, Devil, to that effect.

When a man and a woman love one another that is enough. That is marriage. A religious rite is superfluous, and if the man and woman live together without the love, no ceremony in the world can make it marriage. The woman who does this need not feel the tinlest bit better than her lowest stiter in the streets. Is she not indeed a step lower, since she pretends to be what she is not-plays the virtuous woman? While the other unfortunate pretends nothing. She wears ber nature on her sleeve.

If I were soldiged to be che of these I would rather be she who wears her nature on her sleeve. I certainly would. The lesser of two exists, at-ways. can think of nothing in the world like the littleness, the paliriness, the contemptible, the degradation, of the woman who is tied a under a roof with a man who is really ing to her; who wears the man's name, who is the man's children who plays the virtu-

bears the man's children—who plays the virtucas woman.

Here follows a paragraph on the wandering of a distressed soul. It doesn't happen
to have much significance other than
to show one of the many forms in which
words may be strung together:

My soul goes blindly seeking, seeking, asking.
Nothing answers. I ery out after some unknown
Thing with all the strength of my being, every
nerve and fibre in my young woman's-body and
my young woman's-body and
my young woman's-body and
my young woman's-body and
my young comman's could reaches and strains in
anguished unrest. At times as I burry over
my sand and barrenness all my life's manifold
paraflors culminate in unter range and wee. Waves
of intense, hopeless longing rush over me and
envelope me round and round. My heart, my
soul, my mind so wandering—wandering, ploughing their way through darkness with never a ray
of light; groping with helpless hands; asking,
longing, wanting things; pursued by a Demon of
Unrest.

The lady also sets an olive and it.

Intest.

The lady also eats an olive, and it requires four pages to describe the delicious sensations which follow: Two or three paragraphs will suffice to show the length o which one may grow up on acquiring an

eeth and my tongue upon the cilve It is hitter, sait, delicions. The to meet it, and my trague is a c. As the mersel of cilve rets in discremental and squeezed lunctous-teeth, a quick, temporary change in my character. I think of some so the Persian pect, "Give thyself thy grief will be infinite. The stars meet treather at the same point in it, but of thy body shall bricks be aliace wall."

ing was forn in me; I did not have to conceive it.

Often my mind chants a fervent littary of its own that runs somewhat like this:

From women and men who dispense colors of musk, from little beys with long ourls, from the kind of people-who call a woman's figure her "shape". Kind Devil, deliver me.

From all sweet girls, from "senti-men"; from femtinien men, Kind Devil, deliver may color but writte; from hins that wobble as one walks; from persons with fishy eyes; from the books of Archibald C, Gunter and Albert Ross; Kind Devil, deliver me.

From codish balls; from fried eggplant, fried beef stenk, fried jork chops and fried French teast; Kind Devil, deliver me.

From was flowers off a wedding cake, under glass; from thin-soled shoes; from tape-worms; from photographs perched up all over my house; Kind Devil, deliver me.

From soft old tachelors and

Stance:
We think we progress wonderfully in the arts and sciences as one century follows another. What does it amount to? It does not tench us the all-why. It does not let us cease to wonder what it is that we are doing, where it is that we are going. It does not teach us why the green comes again to the old old hills in the spring; why the benign balmer Gliead shines wet and swest after the rain; why the red never fails to come to the breast of the robin, the black to the crow, the gray to the little wren, why the same the strends of the robin, the black to the crow the gray to the little wren, why the same the clouds float high above us; why the mountains and valleys live on as the years pass. The arts and sciences go on and on-still we wonder, We have not yet ceased to weet. And we suffered in 1991, and 812.

On the other nand, let us take such parglass, from thin-soled shoes; from hape-worms; from photographs perched up all over my house; Kind Devil, deliver me.

From soft old bachelors and soft old widowers; from any mesendine thing that wears a nale bine necktie, from acondifing elecutionists who recitie "wurtew Shall Not Ring Te-Night" and The Light That Touch Liquer Shall Never Touch Mine"; from a Saisation Army singing hymns in slang; Kind Devil, deliver me.

From people who persist in calling my good body mere vile class; from idiots who appear to know all about me and enjoin me not to bathe my eyes in hot water since it lurits their own; from foods who tell me what I "want" to do: Kind Devil, deliver me.

From pleasant old ladies who tell a great many uninteresting, obvious lies; from men with watch chains draped across their middles; from some palatings of the old masters which I am unable to appreciate; from side saddles; Kind Devil, deliver me.

From the kind of man who sings, "Oh, Promise Me?"—who sings at it; from constipated dressmakers; from secrete who don't wash their bair offen enough; kind Jevil, deliver me.

From a servant girl with faise toeth; from persons who make a regular practice of rubbling dily mixtures into their faces; from a bed that sinks in the middle; Kind Devil, deliver me.

And so on and on and on. And in each vertilion I am deeply sineers. But Kind Devil, only bring me happiness and I will more than willingly be annoyed by all tness things. Happiness for two days, kind Devil, and then, if you will, languishing sides we first the more than willingly be annoyed by all toes things. Happiness for two days, kind Devil, and then, if you will, languishing sides we first. 1892, and 8:2.

On the other hand, let us take such paragraphs as these which follow. So hopelessly bad that one must believe that Mary MacLane falls to fully appreciate her subject: ject:
Everything is justified if it gives me Happiness. The Devil has done me some great favors be has made me without a conscience, and without Virtue.

For which I thank thee, Devil.
At least I shall be able to take my Happiness when it comes—even though the piles of nice distinctions between it and me be mountains high.

But meanwhile, the world, I say, and the peo-ple are nothing, nothing, nothing. The spiendid castles, the strong bridges, that we are building are of small manners. We can only go down the wide roadway wondering and weeping, and with-out where to lay our heads. Naturally enough, such an advanced "I WAS ALWAYS A GENIUS," DECLARES MARY MAG LANE.

Literary Newcomer of Butte, Mont., Is a Most Extraordinary Young Writer-How She Won Fame-Her Home Life in Northwest.

statements and assertions of the most ego-tistical nature, such as her repeated re-minders that she is a genius, that she is excessively odd, that she is wicked, that

Butte. Mont., May II—"From one to thirteen years I was a terror; from thirteen to fourteen years I was a person; from fourteen to fifteen I was a paragon; from sixteen to sixteen I was a paragon; from sixteen to seventeen I was a perfect lady; from seventeen to cighteen I was an old maid, and from eighteen I was an old maid, and from eighteen to nineteen I was a genius. Of course, I was always a genius; these other characteristics were simply a veneer."

So said Mary Elizabeth MacLane, at Butte, Mont., to me. This remarkable girl, who has just come before the literary world in her book. The Story of Mary MacLane, it is as erratic as her story, and as much of a puzzle to her family as to others.

The young authoress lives in Butte, on the fashionable street, Excelsior avenue. She makes her home with her mother, sister and stepfather, and they occupy a modest residence that has an air of comfort and evidence of refinement.

In appearance this young, inexperienced, suddenly famous authoress is good looking, and, in spite of her claims to untidiness, like her claims to sinfulness, there is no evidence of it. Miss MacLane is of pleasant, unassuming manner, notwithstanding the fact that her conversation is filled with statements and assertions of the most egotilistical nature, such as her repeated reminders that she is a genius, that she is excessively odd, that she is wicked, that she is locking in principles of the morning to end, and so will milne be. I can look at her and see how I will look when I get old.

Suitsaled to Be Unhappy.

minders that she is a genius, that she is excessively odd, that she is wicked, that she is hacking in principle and moral nature, that she has no virtue, or that she is a thief and a liar.

Miss MacLane is of medium height, slender of build, with light brown hair, and a peculiar and indescribable, cold, grayish eye. Her manner is languid and her conversation is not animated, in spite of the contrary impression it would give in print. She will say "I would like to steal your purse." or "I would kill that man if I had a gun." in the same commonplace tone that was shining.

Knew Her Book Had Merit.

When the object of the correspondent's visit was made known the young lady sank down into a chair with a wearled look on her face and with the air of a martyr, Satisfied to Be Unhappy.

LADIES-ATTEND THE COOK-ING SCHOOL Every Day, 2 to 4 P. M. Menu for the Week in Te-Day's Star.

Simmons Hardware &

Broadway& St. Carles

READ OUR ADVERTISEMENT OF SEASONABLE HOUSE-FURNISHING & GOODS lin To-Day's Star.

Cutlery Store.

A Special Sale of Chatelaine Bags.

A large assortment in Seal, Morocco, Alligator, Texas Steer and Walrus, with patent clasps, some plain and some mounted tops, will be placed on sale Monday at 50c each.

Wrist Bags, with inside pocket, Wal-rus in variety of colors and pretty mountings, 50c each.

Two new styles in Ladies' Ladies' Belts, the Royal Extension and Belts. the Coronation. They are very stylish and popular and are perfect fitting, made of silk, satin and elastic and in a va-

riety of ornamentation. Royal Extension Belts, \$1.25 to \$3.50 Coronation Belts, 75c to \$1.50.

For Your Mexican handcarved leather card-Grip. holders with strap to attach to your traveling *bag; 50c kind, 25c each.

Silver-Plated We show a very large assort-Table Ware. ment of fine quality goods

at very low prices. Dinner Knives and Forks, Rogers' celebrated 1847, set of 6 each. \$3.50. Fruit Knives, best triple plate, handsome pattern, set of 6, \$1.50.

Pearl Handled tea or dessert knives, heavily plated, set of 6, \$4.75. Knives that Cut; not all silver-plated knives will cut, but our celebrated K. K. will cut like a steel knife; 6 each knives and forks, in oak case,

for \$4. 24-piece Sets fer \$7.50, 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons— Rogers' goods of fine quality—in handsome leatherette case-make a beautiful and useful present, \$7.50. Teaspoons, a very handsome design in Rogers' teaspoons, good wearing quality, \$1.75 dozen.

Tablespoons, to match, 36 dozen.\$1.75. Teaspoons, Rogers' celebrated 1847, in beautiful designs, 1/2 dozen, \$1.45.

The clock that winds itself, Electrometer. runs two years

without attention and keeps perfect time, in handsome oak or mahogany case. size 14x12 inches, a handsome mantel clock, \$10.00. The Anniversary Clock runs 400 days

gift, price \$20. A good Alarm Clock for 69c. A better Alarm Clock for 75c. The best Alarm Clock made \$1.35.

itor. In fact, they were delivered in such a set, stereotyped fashion that one could almost believe they were of her stock in trade.

since you have had such sucress in getting your first one before the public'? she was

The Yankee Watch \$1, just the thing to take on a hunting and fishing trip, leave your better one at home.

wedding present at any time in save enough on any Dinner Set price asked.

Semi-Porcelain A complete Sets.

Another, larger shapes and a little pret-tier decoration, 100 pieces, only \$7.00.

A set as illustrated, 100 pieces, handsome shapes, floral decoration in 3 colors, and liberally gold-traced; a very pretty set and a genuine bargain, \$7.75.

An English set of finest quality semiporcelain, underglaze decoration in blue or green, consisting of flower sprays and tooped ribbon; the shapes are very graceful; 113 pieces, includ-ing large platters and soup tureen, only \$9.00.

Austrian China A 100 - piece set, round covered dishes, very Dinner Sets. ornamental shapes and handles, beautiful flower

decorations and gold tracings, 4 designs, choice \$12.50. Prench China A 100-piece set, including large or turkey plat-Dinner Sets. ter, very pretty

shapes; the decorations are hand-painted and very effective; handles are gold-incrusted;

Limoges China-10) pieces, soup tu-reen and cover dishes ou 4 feet, handsome new shapes, hand-painted decorations, iris, carnation or wild geranium, many pieces decorated in-side and out, handles and feet richly gold-incrusted, a very attractive set,

Haviland China — 100 pieces, very dainty floral decorations in delicate colors, richly gold-incrusted handles;

Pouyat China — Very pretty shapes, decoration consists of large hand-painted flower sprays, enriched with coin gold, 111 pieces, for \$30.00.

sprays, gold chain borders, gold-in-crusted and traced handles, 114 pieces, a very complete and desirable lce Cream Set, Haviland China, very set, \$47.50.

The foregoing only gives a hint of the variety of Dinner Sets in our stock. We up to \$650.00.

CHINA STORE.

Dinner Do you need a new Italian Dinner Set, or do you expect to purchase a the next few months? You can are so famous. There are many we are able to offer them at alin this list to make it pay you to \$7.50, \$11.00, up to large full only. This is a good opportunbuy now. Every one is worth at least one fourth more than the We invite you to come and enjoy awayr for the summer. least one-fourth more than the them and make your selection if vou so desire.

Dinner Set, of 100 pieces, printed one color decoration, very neat and serviceable, only \$6.00.



An English set, 112 pieces, including large casserole and cover dishes on feet; delicate twining floral border on tinted ground, and every piece in set gold-traced, only \$10.00.

one of the prettiest sets and worth \$20, choice of 4 decorations \$16.50.

many pieces decorated inside and out; a really beautiful set and worth \$35, for \$25 00.

We received some beautiful Italian Marbles, Marbles last week, grace and beauty for which they

New Cut-For a wedding or other Glass Vases, gift nothing could be more desirable than one of these beautiful new vases, just arrived. They are the new, low, broad

deep and rich, giving brilliant iridescent effects. 7 in. wide and 6 in. tall, \$10.75. 121/2 in wide and 10 in. tall. \$33.00. Sizes between; \$14.00, \$17.00 and

shape, and the cuttings are very

Steins. So many kinds of Steins are here that detailed description is impossible. The decorations include: Hunting Scenes, Drinking Scenes, Love Scenes, Musical Subjects, Playing Cards, Humorous Faces and many others, some in stoneware, repousse effects, others hand painted, all handsomely mounted.

The prices begin at 35c, 50c, 75c, and go up to \$13.00.

New shapes, floral under-glaze decorations, stippled Toilet Sets. colored edges, choice of several colors, 12 pieces, including jar, \$4.00, or without jar, Sets.

\$2 20

Toilet Scis, very neat shape, heavy gold rolled edges and stippling and decorated with hand-painted large floral sprays, roses, poppies or vio-lets, 12 pieces, for \$6.25.



Toilet Set, as illustrated, very pretty shapes, decorations, morning glory clusters on delicate tinted ground, gold tracing, 12 pieces, \$8.90. Toilet Set, new handsome shape, deco-

rations, large flowers, on delicate green-tinted ground, richly gold traced, a beautiful set, \$9.50. Haviland China, Dainty Ice 13 pieces, decorat-

Cream Sets. ed, with maidenhair fern and forget-me-nots, gold leaves and stippling, \$7.50.

pretty shapes, oval tray, decorations, edges of gold lace over green (or red) and wide border of hand-painted pink flower sprays and flower center, \$11.50. Very many others up to \$45 per set.

Sporting Goods. Store

Special Pure guttapercha. well-seasoned Golf Golf Ball Balls of fine quality. exhibiting all the Barrain. By a very large and favorable purchase sizes, from small busts at \$4.50, most half price in dozen lots

> The base-ball bargain counter proved quite an Ball. attraction last week. This week it will contain many more things equally good and cheap as those that sold

> so rapidly last week. Men's Buckskin "Reach" finger glove, with web thumb, \$1.25. Boys', 75c. Boys' Catchers' Mitt, with deep

pocket and patent heel, i25c. Chest Protectors, boys' size, \$1.00, Masks, boys' size, 25c, 40c, 50c and

Toe and Heel Plates for base-ball shoes, 20c, 25c and 40c pair. A full line of Reach Base-Ball Mitts and

Gloves, 5c to \$6.00. Louisville Slugger Bats, 75c.

Louisville Slugger, Jr., 15c. "Junior League," the best boys' base ball, 25c.

French Brier Genuine French Brier, either natural or stained and mouthpieces celluloid, bone or amber-

shape, choice 25c each. French Brier Pipes: with patent bone push bit to facilitate cleaning, 35c

ine, straight or the new bull-dog

each. French Brier Pipes with genuine amber mouthpieces 50c each, or in leatherette case 75c. Extra Selected French Brier with

large genuine amber mouthpiece-many styles, including the latest college shape \$1, or more massive shapes French Brier with genuine amber mouthpiece and gold mountings, in real leather plush lined case, \$2.

Many others in handsome cases, \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50. Meerschaum Pipes with genuine amber mouthpieces, all in handsome cases, \$4.50, \$5, \$5,50 to \$7.86.

Cameras and Kodaks,

80c to \$150.00.

Tripods, 75c, \$1.25 and \$2.50. Camera Dark Room Lamps, oil, double glass, 45c. Sundries, Candle burning lamps, 15c,

Printing Frame, extra strong; 4x5, 15e; Focusing Cloth, light proof, light weight, 25c square yard.

Metal Racks, all-size negatives, 20c. Zinc Washing Boxes, 4x5 and 5x7, 45c. Brass Ovals and Circles, all sizes, 25c

"You were out to-day when I called, so I will send you this letter. I like to think of you, although you are of no interest to me. It is only that you make me think of a large dish of freshly made fudge or a ripe red tomato, a rare, tender porterhouse steak, a wide expanse of open green country. You quiet my restless soul. You are like a good dinner, well served, or a plate of ice cream on a warm day. You yourself are nothing to me—You have no literary ability, and I am a genius, so how can I feel any interest in you?"

In this strain the letter continues for several pages.

PULP FOR PAPER

CORN-FIELDS # UNITED STATES

FORESTS of NORTHERN CANADA.

Paper and Allied Trades of This Country.

The pulp timber of the United States is practically gone. To bring wood pulp from Canada is too expensive. Over 75 Million Tons Of cornetalks are raised and wasted each year in the United States. This inexhaustible waste furnishes the best fiber known, and the

NATIONAL FIBER & CELLULOSE COMPANY

Are by their patents sole owners of machinery and processes for turning this waste into Pulp. Paper, Paper Boxbasrd, Freed and Cellulose Compounds.

It is another far-reaching example of BY-PRODUCTS—of making a great waste tonnage useful and valuable.

NATIONAL FIRER AND CELLULOSE COMPANY is building machinery for satablishing plants and offers a portion of its stock for sale.

Par Value, - \$10.00 Per Share. Selling Now, \$1.00 Per Share.

The reception accorded this stock by the public has been unusually generous, and the allotment offered at \$1.00 per share is about exhausted. By resolution of the Board of Directors the stock will be advanced on MAY 28th to \$1.50 per share.

Towns and cities throughout the

CORN BELT

are negotiating for the building of plants in their localities.

Shrewd people understand what the wood pulp shortage means, and are taking advantage of this unusual opportunity in invest in this exceptional enterprise.

Prudent investors are asked to theoroughly investigate our Machinery, Patents. Processes; also our products of Paper, Pulp, Boxboard and all matters pertaining to this Company's business. ny's business.

A carefully written booklet with illustrations, statistics and valuable data showing how waste of the CORN-FIELDS will be turned into valuable products, adding wealth to the setters, farmers, manufacturers and users of the products, will be sent free on application. Everything pertaining to this Company is open for examination to the thoughtful, netaking investors.

The profits to investors in the Cottonseed industry have been enormous. The profits to investors in the Linseed industry have been enormous. The profits to investors in the Glucose industry have been enormous. The profits to investors in Starch have been enormous.

LULOSE CO. will be more than all. The waste tonnage in Cornstalks is limitless. So is the market for pulp, feed and cellulose compounds.

REMEMBER, the price of shares advances from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per share May 28th.

Serviting products and the commendations for exaggerations. We are in a progressive usiness, with capable and experienced men to bandle it, with thoroughly practical patent. I machinery to work with, vost quantities of the raw material at hand to work on, and in unlimited market for our finished products. The truth about our enterprise is therefore or strongest advertisement and recommendation. Profits to Investors.

The profits to investors in NATIONAL FIBER & CEL-

SANFORD MAKEEVER, 84 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

your first one beare the plane asked.

"Oh, yes; I shall have a literary career, but I shall never write of anything but myself. I have attained an egotism that is rare indeed, but I am a genius. I am morbid and cannot get away from my thoughts."

Miss MacLane repeated that she had no virtue and that she was lacking in morals.
"But, Miss MacLane, you are a virtuous girl?"

"But, Miss MacLane, you are a virtuous girl?"
"Yes, in the negative," she replied, "But if the proper temptation should come I would fall."
"Do you have the sensations that you described in your book?"
"I certainly do," said the erratic soul.
In reply to the question whether she had ever seen any man who resembled her devil, she said:
"No: there are only a few real devils, although many counterfeits."
"Well, now, tell me," I urged, "with your foodness for the devil and your longing for 'judicious badness,' do you ever feel real wicked?"

Felt Like Shouling a Reporter.

short time and was the story of time.

"Are you a nice young man or a devil?" and when he quickly disclaimed any affinity to the inst-named individual, she exclaimed: "Oh, I like devils!"

Claims Vice as Her Ideal.

claimed: "Oh. I like devils!"

Claims Vice as Her Ideal.

She claims for herself all the vices in the calendar, but those who know her say she leads a very uneventful life. She is wont to say she is a thief and a lisr, but withal a genius. She had been heard to remark: "I would as soon tell a lie as eat my dinner. In fact I am going to the devil as fast as I can. Some call it the demnition bow-wows—it's all the same. After I am dead I shall be herded along with the goats."

Her usual way of showing her peculiarties to a stranger is to announce:

"I am a genius, I care nothing for your opinion; you are nothing to me. You have only a glass heart, and any one can see through you; but I am a genius; that is sufficient. Nobody understands me, but I understand myself. I know myself; is that not enough? I have attained an egotism that is rare indeed. All this constitutes oddity, and I am quite, quite odd! But I am alone, alone, for nobody understands me. A genius is never understood. It has always been so, and it will always be so."

A short time ago Miss MacLane's picture appeared in one of the newspapers, and the circumstances caused her to remark:

"Heretofore I have been wont to set my intrinsit value at precisely four cents. You may, if you like, call it presumptuous in me to value my poor miserable bone and rag and hank of hair' at such a sum. Possibly it is, considering that I reckon the worth of the ordinary human atom at a cent and a helf. That, also, is as it may be, But now

of her mother, Miss MacLane said: "She is a perfect stranger to me. She does not understand me. She is nothing to me. My father was the acme of selfishness."

Her uncongenial life at home is one of her favorite subjects, and her utter indifference to her parents is very marked. When asked once if she would not feel bad if her mother were taken away, she looked out of the window and replied:

"Well, I suppose I would miss her; I would miss that telegraph pole which has been standing there for years if it were taken away."

Miss MacLane has lived with her parents in Butte for the last ien years. Since her

Miss MacLane has lived with her parents in Butte for the last ien years. Since her graduation from high school, where she was always looked upon by her schoolmates and teachers as eccentric, she has never missed an opportunity to display her eccentricity. She is regarded by some as insane, by others as a poser, while some of her acquaintances declare she is cunning and artful, using her peculiarities in an exaggerated way as a means to get before the public.

She has one great ambition.
"I want fame," says this erratic pergot.
"I want to write—to write such things as compel the admiration of the world at

Hangers Only for Fame.

"I want to write—to write such things as compe! the admiration of the world at large; such things as are written but once in years; things subtly but distincly different from the books written every day. I can do this. Let me but strike the world in a vulnerable spot and I can take it by storm. Let me but win my spurs, and then, my good people, you will see me, of womankind and young, vallantly astride of a charger, riding down the world, with fame following at the charger's heels and the multitudes agape."

It is only by her voluble tongue that one gets an insight, whether correct or not, into this girl's character. She takes a long walk every day, and her favorite stroll is to some old abandoned shaft on the outskirts of the city, where she loves, so she says, to lean over and gaze into the "deep still darkness below." Sometimes these romantic spots will call forth poetry from her soul.

In conversation this young authoress is anything but complimentary and has a habit of asking very direct questions. Not long ago she accosted a lady with:

"Are those tails on your boa artificial or real?" Artificial? I am so glad, for I hate real things and I detest a perfect lady."

A young man who called to see her a short time ago was startled by the question:

"Are you a nice young man or a devil?" "Yes," she responded, "if I had had my pistol the other night I would have shot the pistol the other night I would have shot the reporter who called on me from one of the local papers; but I did not have it."

Miss MacLane confesses to one strange and mad massion—her love for a former girl schoolmate. She says she thinks of the young lady night and day, and for a long time she sent her tirce letters a day; but the object of her affection deceived her in that she discussed her peculiarities with other schoolmates. Miss MacLane now thinks of her girl sweetheart in secret.

"Of course," she added. "I think most of myself, but I cannot get her out of my mind."

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mind."

She claims to have but one true friend and thinks that friendship might have been blighted had not the object moved away from Butte This is the lady spoken of in her book, being the only character mentioned besides Miss MacLane and her devil. Speaking of her book, the authoress said: "There is a vein of humor trunning all through it, but of course it is of the kind that leaves a bad taste in your mouth."

She did not intend her book to be sensational, and she objects very much to the newspapers calling it erotic. There is a sort of litany in her work in which she calls upon the "good devil" to deliver her from her various grievances.

"There is one plague that I should have added to my litany, and that is "Good devil, deliver me from the newspapers," she said.

When asked about her habits in writing, Miss MacLane said: "I use a pencil when I don't use a pen, and I do not write on a table or desk. I usually hold the paper in my lap. I prefer scraps to large, clean sheets of paper. Scraps give more freedom of thought.

"I scrub twice a week, make beds, wash dishes, sweep and dust, and so on, and do my lap. I prefer scraps to large, clean sheets of paper. Scraps give more freedom of thought.

"I scrub twice a week, make beds, wash dishes, sweep and dust, and so on, and do not mind it," she said in speaking of her daily life outside of her literary work.

After this remark she suddenly said:
"Oh. let us talk about something else—say, beefsteak and onions,"

Miss MacLane was very gracious in allowing herself to be photographed, but when it was suggested that her mother should sit near her, she quickly declined to have her picture taken with her mother.

Is an Ealgma to Her Mother.

Before the interview with Miss MacLane there was time for a few words with her mother. Mrs. Klenze, who confessed that her daughter was an enigma to her. She said she had always been "queer" from her childhood. She could not understand her daughter and was in ignorance of the fact that she had written a book until she saw it mentioned in the papers. Of the contents of the book she is still ignorant. Mrs. Klenze said there had not been insanity in the family on either side.

and henceforward pray remember my value is six cents exactly."

Her favorite authors are Marie Louise Poole, Victor Hugo, J. T. Trowbridge, Albert Ross and Carlyle. The value of Albert Ross, she says, is about two cents, while she estimates Victor Hugo at two dollars and sixty-five cents. This seems her idea of measuring intellectual worth.

Sometimes Miss MacLane will send letters to acquaintances who chance to be out when she calls. Not long ago a woman of literary ability in Butte was the recipient of one of these strange missives. It ran like this: